

TERMS.
Per annum, in advance, \$2.00
Six months, " " " 1.25
Three copies, in advance, " 1.00

TO CLUBS
Of 10 the Herald will be sent for \$1.50 per copy
Of 20 " " " " " 2.50
Of 30 " " " " " 3.50

The money must always accompany the names of Club subscribers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, ten lines or less, first insertion, \$2.75
Each subsequent insertion, " 2.25
One square three months, " 6.00
" " " " " 18.00
Half " " " " " 3.00
Half " " " " " 9.00
One column, one insertion, " 10.00
One column, per annum, " 30.00

Transient Advertisers will be required to pay in advance. When an advertisement is handed in the number of times it is to be inserted must be stated, if not stated it will remain in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing on exceeding once in three weeks.

We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all—and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements, instead of trying for hours to lower our prices. The Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons; we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-fisted customer than for a liberal patron, who is willing to let Primers live.

The Herald has extensive circulation, and business men will find it advantageous to make use of its columns as a means of communicating with the public generally.

CASH.

Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN HERALD our expenses have been considerably increased; we are therefore compelled to adopt the CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this, is to enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office rent, &c. &c. Could we cater to us as we do, it would be better for us as well as for our customers. From those who advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly.

For transient Job Work and Advertising, the money must be paid when the work is done—this rule is without exception.

Special Notices.

MASONIC.

Rowan Chapter No. 31, of Royal Arch Mason, meets regularly on the 2nd Thursday in each month. Major Richard Lodge No. 181, A. Y. M., meets regularly on the 2nd Monday [court day] and on the 4th Monday in each month.

Deval Lodge No. 99, A. Y. M., meet regularly on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays in each month.

Transient brothers in good standing are respectfully invited to attend.

I. O. O. F.

Since Lodge No. 58 of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows meets regularly every Wednesday Evening. Transient brothers in good standing are respectfully invited to attend.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Nelson Division No. 48 Sons of Temperance meet regularly every Saturday Evening. Transient brothers are invited to attend.

New Advertisements.

DR. D. D. UGHERTY,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE: At his residence on the South side of the Public Square, Bardstown, Ky.

CIRCULAR

OF THE

BARDSTOWN FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE next Session of this Institution will open as usual, on the First Monday of September and continue through two consecutive Terms of Twenty-two Weeks each.

The Course of Instruction is liberal and thorough; the Teachers in the several Departments are of the first character; the Discipline is as Home-like as it can be made; and the accommodations, in respect to the Rooms, Board, &c., are extensive and good. We feel justified while we once more earnestly invite the attention and solicit the patronage of those who desire to afford their daughters an accomplished education, based on the principles and conducted according to the liberal scale of Protestantism.

CHARGES.—TERM OF FIVE MONTHS.

Regular Course.

Primary Department, \$2.00
Junior do Section 1st \$2.00
Senior do Section 2d \$2.00

Extra Course.

Instruction on Harp, with use Instrument, \$2.00
do Piano do \$2.00
do Guitar do \$2.00
Drawing, plain and colored, Crayons, \$1.00
Painting water color, Crayons, \$1.00
French, Latin, or Greek, each, \$1.00

Board in Institution, including Washing, Lights Fuel in Bed-Room, \$2 per week.

Charge for use of books in the Academy Library, and use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, not to exceed \$3.50 per Term. These at the option of Patrons.

Bardstown is remarkable for its healthfulness. It is easy of access by good turnpike roads from Louisville, Nashville, Harrodsburg, &c., and having a Telegraph office, ready communication may be had between the pupils and parents of the Academy.

Communications addressed to the Principal, or to any member of the Board of Trustees, will receive prompt attention.

J. V. COSBY, Principal.

Trustees.—Charles Nourse, J. Wood Wilson, T. P. Lindheim, Joseph Brown, Hon. C. A. Wickliffe, Wm. Sutherland, Jacob Rizer, Thomas S. Speed, James M. M. M., Aug. 12, 1852.

T. W. RILEY F. B. MUIR.

RILEY & MUIR,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Louisville, Ky.

Will practice Law in the various Courts held in Louisville—the Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit Court of Spencer Nelson, Bullitt, Larue, Harlan and Meade Counties.

Office on Jefferson, between 5th and 6th. Where one or both may always be found to give counsel or transact any business confided to them Jan. 14, 1852—41

SAMUEL CARPENTER & SON

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bardstown, Ky.

SAM'L CARPENTER has resumed the practice of Law, and will, in partnership with SAM'L CARPENTER, JR., practice in Nelson and the surrounding counties and the Court of Appeals. All business entrusted to their care promptly attended. Jan. 14, 1852

PLASTERING.

I AM now permanently situated in Bardstown and keep constantly on hand materials prepared for the Plastering business, and will execute jobs at the shortest notice. R. P. FOWLER, my 2-32-41

WANTED.

GINSBURG, Beet wax, Bacon, Lard, Flaxseed, for which we will pay the highest market price in cash or goods.

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THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

VOL. 2. BARDSTOWN, KY., THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1852. NO. 35.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Why should we vote for General Scott?

The following extracts from a recent speech of Judge CONRAD, of Philadelphia—a production as remarkable for the sublimity of its thought, as for the classic beauty of its expression—well answers the question, "why should we vote for Gen. Scott?"

"I will answer," says Judge Conrad.

Some forty-five years since, a youthful student sat in the office of a sage of the Old Dominion, B. Watkins Leigh, and pondered on the condition of his country and the duty that he owed her. The times were out of joint. The nations seemed loosened from their moorings, and were driven and clashing on the waves of an almost universal war, like icebergs in a polar tempest. Our own bright land did not escape the storm. Her flag had been outraged upon every sea; her sons dragged into slavery, and even forced to raise a paramilitary arm against their own country. War was inevitable, and at fearful odds—a war not only for honor and freedom, but for existence itself. Was it well that he, that gifted student, every pulse of whose heart beat for his country, should nurse his schemes of tranquil ambition, when such a peril and such a duty invoked him? No; and his high brow glowed and his quick eye flashed, as he vowed himself, for life or death, to the cause of his country. By that resolve was Winfield Scott—every faculty of his high nature, every drop of his noble heart—dedicated to the duties of patriotism. Never was a purer offering laid upon a holier altar, and for that, that noble resolve and its nobler fulfillment, do I now claim your admiration and gratitude.

The gathering clouds soon burst upon our country. She struggled, but her heart seemed, for a time, faint, and her arm nerveless. Calamity followed calamity, until, in the base surrender of Hull, treason and reproach were added to her afflictions. Her heart swelled, her frame quivered with rage, and she shed hot tears of shame and sorrow. One patriot there was who determined that the gulf of shame, like that of Curtius, should be closed, though it entombed him; and he offered himself a sacrifice. In the desperate struggle on the heights of Queenstown, death itself seemed to shrink from his daring. "You are the target of every rifle—cover your uniform with this coat," said Kearney to Scott. "Never!" was his reply. "I will die in my element." I derive this fact, through an eminent opponent, from General Kearney himself. Surrounded by an overwhelming force, Scott addressed his men. Can Greek or Roman story afford a parallel? "Hull's ignominious surrender," he said, "must be retrieved. Let us, then, die, arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Who is ready for the sacrifice?" Hull's surrender was retrieved; his gallantry did wipe out that stain—the first and last—of our country; but Scott became the prisoner of the foe; and amid the perils and privations of such a captivity, surrounded by British tyrants and Indian assassins, he filled the first measure of his sacrifice for his country. For this, I ask your votes for the patriot, and in-quire, in his own words at Queenstown, "Are you ready?"

Again Scott was free—again at the head of a gallant band of freemen—and again before a superior force of the enemy; for his have been no holiday achievements; every laurel leaf upon his brow has cost a death struggle. Lundy's Lane is one of the best fought fields in history. The sun went down upon the conflict, and the night wore on—the harvest moon struggling thro' the clouded heavens and fitfully lighting up the field where death was the only reaper; and yet volley answered volley, deafening Niagara, and the clash of bayonets and the shrieks and shouts of the combatants still made night hideous. His tall form was seen, crimson with blood, in every desperate eddy of the fight, and his clarion voice was heard above the wildest din of the conflict. He throttled victory, and conquered against fate. And when, covered with wounds supposed to be mortal, he fell, his last words were orders to charge, and his last effort a murmured shout of victory. For this, I ask your votes. Let the people give but one suffrage for each red drop that they gushed from his gored bosom—poured out for them and theirs—and the debt of gratitude will, at least in part, be paid; posterity will do the rest.

I have no time to follow Scott up to the period of the Mexican war. Forty years of service in camp and council have passed over him; but the vow of the youthful enthusiast is still the rule of the hoary patriot—he is still and ever all his country's. Glorious deeds had been done on the Rio Grande and in Northern Mexico; but the nation had advanced not a step towards the achievement of a peace. Gen. Scott proposed a renewal of the adventurous march of Cortez; but the scene had

changed, and where the Spanish vessels had moved peaceably, the castle of San Juan now frowned defiance; and instead of friendly Tlascalans and feeble Aztecs, the American General must encounter an armed and powerful empire, a country impregnable by nature, skillfully fortified, and ably and obstinately defended. The difficulties seemed insuperable, and his project was denounced as romantic madness. Napoleon once disclosed a military plan to one of his staff, "it is impossible," said his friend. "I see no means of its achievement," Napoleon led him to a window, and pointing to the glowing, midday sky, asked—"do you see that star?" "No," was the reply. "I do," said the emperor, and it was his only answer. Gen. Scott thus saw the star, hidden from feeble visions, which was to light and guide him on his path of glory. The Administration long withheld their sanction; but they had no other hope; Scott alone could save them; and at length they grudgingly acceded. For that plan, so full of genius and wisdom, now the glory of our history and the wonder of the world, and for his sole author, Winfield Scott, do I ask your gratitude and support.

I will not characterize that campaign—"I cannot; but you have it—the world has it by heart. Never was the president and comprehensive weight of human genius more wonderfully displayed than by Scott in his preparation and execution. Every difficulty was foreseen, every contingency provided for. His plan was worked out like a problem in Euclid. But we cannot follow him in his eagle flight from the surf of the Gulf, to the bowed towers of Vera Cruz and the startled cliffs of Gerro Gordo, from miracle to miracle, from victory to victory, over conquered impossibilities and crushed thousands, to the captured capitol. But you will remember the universal anxiety felt her at home, when he descended into the valley of Mexico, when his communications destroyed, his army disappeared among enemies, ten-fold its superior in all save courage and conduct. Weeks elapsed, and not a word was heard of them. The suspense grew agonizing. We watched—as friends watch the dark waves in which a daring diver has plunged, but from which he does not emerge. White lips whispered, "Is he lost? Has he perished?" And the response was "How can it be otherwise, with a force so inadequate, against a foe so formidable?" At length, when overwrought terror became despair, the tidings burst upon us—a torrent of glory. Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey were won, and how fluttered our flags, how blazed our bonfires, and how uprose our shouts, again and again, when we learned that our noble army bivouacked in the plaza of the capitol; and beneath the stars and stripes, as they waved above the triumphs of Cortez, stood Winfield Scott, the laurelled conqueror of Mexico. I stand beneath that banner now—a brighter glory has ever since gleamed from its stars; and pointing to those fields of fame, I ask, in the name and by the authority of those achievements, unequalled in grandeur and glory, I ask your votes for Gen. Scott.

It is impossible briefly to sketch that campaign. Its battles are so many and glorious that they mingle their light, as the stars which form the galaxy melt together and cast a stream of glory across the heavens. But this is Churubusco's day; and the nation, in all time. "Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named." Instead of one battle, its achievements comprise five distinct battles and five illustrious victories. Time itself looks back upon no such one day. Our army was but 5300 strong, and was engaged, hotly, on foot and horseback, in the open field and before the strongest fortifications, with 32,000 men, well disciplined, armed and commanded. It made 3000 prisoners, and killed and wounded 4000 of the enemy. Any one of those five victories—brilliantly glorious, strung together and radiantly bounteous upon the fair brow of our country—any one would have struck the world with wonder; together they stagger credulity, and raise a monument of American heroism that will stand till our mountains melt into the plain. We meet to celebrate that victory of victories, and we cannot forget the patriot hero to whom we owe it—who never doubted and never erred—who never stumbled and never faltered—"the noble nature," (I quote the poet literally.)

"Whom passion could not shake; whose solid virtue The shot of accident nor dart of chance, Could neither graze nor pierce."

Had the life of Scott known but that one day of glory, for that alone I would ask, and you could not, in justice and gratitude, deny, your suffrages.

And how were those services, countless and inestimable, rewarded? Who does not blush over that page of our history? The veteran victor was stripped of the command of that army he had led in triumph—was accused and treated as a malefactor, and was dragged to a shameful trial for the high offence—it was his only one—of having covered his country with glory. And what did the hero—at the head of a victorious and devoted army—under this unprecedented outrage and wrong? Lion-like to the foe, he was meek and lowly to the laws and authorities of his country. The magnanimity of Agassius, of Hannibal, and of Belisarius, in bowing to a harsh authority and resigning a career of glory, has been applauded in the

JOB PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume of the Herald, made several very necessary and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, while we enable us to get up our work in a style that cannot fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, BILLS, POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c. &c.

will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are determined to use all means within our power to please those who favor us with their patronage.

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1. The first part of the document is a title page. It contains the title "THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA" and the author "BY JAMES MADISON".

